

...OF A MIND

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AT THIS TIME, I'D LIKE TO LOOK into my own mind and spirit, in search of someplace, anyplace where I can feel really restful... *getting myself to a more of a long term living arrangement, or roof over my head, I feel, will for the most part, meet my personal goals.* I have thought to myself,

that this is mostly what's important to myself, *numerous times recently*. So, I'll be glad to get myself moved, to where I'm going. At any rate, I'm sitting here, trying to glean insights into a speakers' talk I'm reading, **from the late nineteen eighties...** and I keep seeing how, back then, our American discourse, was somewhat having to deal with the thought of, for instance, *the need to restore the 'Central American norms,' of food production and exporting, and break the holds of militarism in those places*. I suppose that the 'norm' has been restored, by now. I think, that back then, us up here in North America, those who

were in possession of intellectual power, *(not myself,)* seemed to prefer speaking in abstract philosophical terms *about how we were investing into some of the Central American countries, trying to get the right results.* As I'm writing this, I keep looking for glimmers, or hints, of my side roads, or back streets, unto my own ethos, or later media projects... my own type of spiritual conscience, *in any of this, from back then... but of course, my own media hadn't been created, or expressed into the world, at that time.* So, my particular 'peace frequency,' or 'love wavelengths,' whatever I call it, hadn't come into existence, yet.

You see, this is what brought my happiness online... this bringing of my published works into existence, online, in the internet. I think, that I'm just 'grasping at straws,' if I'm trying to connect with that intellectual discourse, from nineteen eighty eight..., I don't seem to be able to connect, with the ascerbic, saccharin detached ness, in those times. I wouldn't fit in, anyway, the good intellectuals, were all 'on the warpath,' those 'mighty beasts of the jungle,' and the reason for this might probably have been some of my problem doping, and drinking tendencies, the problems, which some of my elders,

looking on, might could have foreseen, in those years... the course which my life appeared to be on. My own life, and mind, and soul, had a long ways to go... I had to be 'Democratized,' and the 'light of spiritual conscience,' had to be imparted in my heart and soul. Other than in the New Age intellectual culture, there wasn't any mention of real 'spiritual conscience' in those discussions, from the late eighties, because, I think, that our society was just knee jerk averse to speaking in an enlightened manner, if the Generation X was concerned, of the ones with the 'High Hopes of Pie in the Sky' but who also had

family histories, hereditary issues. (These were those times' 'Blind Jeffersons,' and had a long ways to go.) At any rate, I think that, back then, my generation was somewhat in a protective cradle, within our own hearts. (But, wasn't this just my way, of registering my own glaring omission, from the discourse, at the time?) I was something of an unrealized enn fant... I had no real presence, until the early nineteen nineties. At all. All that I really had, was this little comic strip, which I had written for my high school newspaper... but such was somewhat unimportant, not wise unto 'the games people play,' enough to

make a real comedic relief, or any real connection, with my peers, *and unable to connect in any meaningful way with the intellectual culture, back then.* I had graduated high school in nineteen eighty seven, and myself as an example, *I think that my parents generation saw a young man with a lot of potential, but who, unfortunately went to the medicine cabinet to fix his problems, only then it was dope, and inhalents....* I think those elders saw me as quickly becoming a 'write off,' a failure, *who was just doomed.* **The ancestral patterns did try to repeat in my life, the proverbial 'cycles of addiction,'**

led me to serious self injury, not once but twice... but, fortunately, *'You can't really get blood from a turnip,'* so, with a little help from my friends, in the mental health care system, I was allowed to get my self sober, and stay sober... *you 'Saved the best for last,' and the 'innocence of youth' was, for the most part regained in my life.* This writing this morning is keeping my mind busy... *Here in this land of 'idle air,' a sense of purpose is mostly what's needed, by myself.* At any rate, you can see a few of my thoughts, this morning. Well, it's a partly cloudy Wednesday, here in this September of twenty twenty four. *I've had*

my shower, done some chores, gotten an omelet with cheese, and onions, and am making this writing. I am getting ready for a nap. But, I'm stowing my things for my upcoming move, as I gradually pack my belongings into portable bags, sacks, and bins, and boxes. I don't have that much, **and I'm learning more about what the Spartan ways of so many others can show me... a lessening of material attachments, and therefore a lessening of pain and grief.** I've got both ideas, somewhat... part of me doesn't much want to leave my parents neighborhood, up here in the corner of this state. *Part of me*

doesn't want any 'adventure,' either... I think, that would be another name for 'trouble.' Also, I had made my peace with hermeticism, and never wanted to try it again... *because, now, I know factually, that I can't win at that solitary way. 'People need people.'* But, people will be surrounded by good people, in the town to the south, as long as I can let it be, or make it so. At least my building will be comprised of disabled people, like me. *'Learn to trust, again,' and most importantly, 'Learn to trust God.'* You'll spot any failings, as they arise... so you won't fall for illusion, or false hood. At

any rate. I'm finding a lot of reinforcement, from this audio chapter I'm listening to on my earphones, now. This is the sixth chapter of the last book, 'Book C.' I seem to have put some good foresight into thinking about this very thing... *I had thought all about this very vexxing matter, already, and found the best ideas, already.* Just some thoughts. Well, I guess, I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.